

GREAT BEND, PA.

LARGEST AND BEST ASSORTMENT IN THE COUNTY!

DRY GOODS, CLOTHING, HATS AND CAPS, BOOTS AND SHOES, NOTIONS, WALL PAPER, STATIONERY, & C.

In the "LENHEIM BLOCK," Great Bend, Pa.

All goods bought with care and for cash only. An immense line of Bargains just received. Country Produce of all kinds Marketed in Philadelphia and New York. "Welcome" to both old and new customers.

GEO. L. LENHEIM. (In His New Store.)

Great Bend, May 10th. 1876.

1876.

Facts Better Than Fiction!

THE POPULAR DRY GOODS AND CLOTHING HOUSE

GUTTENBURG, ROSENBAUM & CO.,

is still in Montrose, being established nearly a quarter of a century, and intend to be another. Are carrying the largest and most complete assortment of Dry Goods, Ready-Made Clothing, &c., &c., of any other firm in the County. Our facilities for buying in large quantities of first hands by the original packages, and having a resident buyer constantly in the market, is such that it makes it almost an impossibility for any new or old dealer to compete with us in prices. M. S. Dessauer, having just returned from New York with a large stock of seasonable goods, bought for cash at the most favorable rates, prices being so tempting that he bought heavier than usual, and mostly at large Auction Sales. We will, can and shall sell them at astonishingly low figures.

OUR STOCK COMPRISES AS USUAL,

DRY GOODS, CARPETS, MILLINERY AND FANCY GOODS, LADIES' AND GENTS' FURNISHING GOODS,

Ready-Made Clothing

Of our own manufacture and well appreciated for its superior workmanship

HATS, CAPS, & C.

Fine lot of Cloths, Cassimers and Fittings, for Custom Work. Measures taken and perfect fitting guaranteed. Only reliable goods sold that will bear recommendation. Prices furnished on application as our custom. We will say for one and all, that we defy competition. Respectfully yours,

GUTTENBURG, ROSENBAUM & Co. M. S. DESSAUER, Managing Partner.

Montrose, April 12, 1876.

A. S. MINER, BINGHAMTON,

WHOLESALE DEALER IN

BRONZE LAMPS, OPAL LAMPS, ALL GLASS LAMPS, HAND LAMPS, BURNERS, WICKS, SHADES, SHADE HOLDERS, &c., &c.

EVERY STYLE OF FLINT AND COMMON CHIMNEYS.

SPECIAL INDUCEMENTS IN

ALSO, MANUFACTURER OF

TIN AND JAPANED WARE.

Prices Guaranteed as Low as any House in Southern New York.

Address by Mail Promptly Attended To.

March 31, 1875.

A. S. MINER.

BEST JOB PRINTING

AT THE LOWEST RATES

We are continually adding new material to our office, and with our

Large Stock of JOB TYPE and FOUR Printing Presses we Defy Competition

Both in Price and Quality, either in Plate Black or Colored Work.

HAWLEY & CRUSER.

FURNITURE.

J. H. BARNES | H. G. BLANDING | J. N. CORODOR.

Barnes, Blanding & Co.,

Marble and Granite Works, (ESTABLISHED IN 1840.)

MANUFACTURERS OF ALL KINDS OF

MARBLE AND GRANITE MONUMENTS, MANTLES, & C.

ALSO,

IMPORTERS OF SCOTCH GRANITE,

26 Chenango St., Near Depot,

March 8, 1875.

BINGHAMTON, N. Y.

At W. W. Smith & Son's

Extensive Furniture Warehouse you will find the largest stock of

FIRST CLASS AND COMMON

FURNITURE

To be found in this section of the country, of his own manufacture, and at prices that cannot fail to give satisfaction. They make the very best

EXTENSION TABLES

In the Country, and WARRANT them.

Upholstery Work

Of all kinds done in the neatest manner.

SPRING BEDS

OF VARIOUS KINDS.

PURE NO. 1 MATTRESSES, AND COMMON MATTRESSES.

UNDERTAKING

The subscriber will hereafter make the undertaking a specialty in his business. Having just completed a NEW and the most elegant HEARSE in the State, all needing his services will be attended to promptly and at satisfactory charges.

W. W. SMITH & SON.

Montrose, Pa., Jan. 31, 1875.

A NEW STOCK OF

CROCKERY,

Just received and for sale by

H. J. WEBB.

SUPERFINE

FLOUR.

For sale by

H. J. WEBB.

ALSO, ALL KINDS OF

GROCERIES.

At the store of

H. J. WEBB.

Fresh Oranges.

For sale by

H. J. WEBB.

Montrose, April 21, 1875.

[Continued from First Page.]  
all three came forward, and Mazie's friend, a lively, good tempered dame, who was very proud of ranking "that charming Miss Jerningham" among her acquaintances, saw and saluted her with great empressement. Mazie's lips moved but no sound came. Her eyes had never left Will's face. They rested there still with a sort of mute, eager appeal, strangely pitiful in its forgetfulness of all else; and before that look Captain Travers' face flushed with a sudden recognition; flushed too with the recollection of the last time he had seen that face, for there was a natural embarrassment in his manner as he said:  
"It is so long since we have met, Miss Jerningham, that I suppose I can hardly expect you to remember."

The commonplace civil speech startled Mazie back to her senses. She turned as white as snow, and gave a sort of gasp for breath, when her friend most opportunely struck in: "Did Captain Travers know Miss Jerningham; then? How nice! Old friends, she supposed, since he had only just arrived in England; and what a pleasant coincidence to meet, wasn't it?"

"Yes! very old friends," Captain Travers answered, his eyes still on the white wistfulness of Mazie's face; and then, with a sudden friendly cordiality the old manner she knew so well, he took her hand, and added, "It is indeed pleasant to meet you again. Have you been well since I saw you last? And how is Mrs. Jerningham? But first let me introduce my wife to you. She will be glad to make your acquaintance. Bertha, Miss Jerningham."

His wife!... Did he mean that? The blonde uninteresting looking girl standing by in pretty, inane apathy. Will's wife!... Poor Mazie! a great shudder ran through her slight, shrinking frame; and then that wonderful power of self-command, that art of making believe which is so great in some women, came to her aid; and she shook hands with Captain Travers, and bowed gracefully to his wife, and showed her pretty pearly teeth in a gentle little smile as she made some cordial, commonplace speech about being "so glad—such an unexpected pleasure. Did the command the frigate that came in last night? And where was Mrs. Travers staying? Mamma would certainly call if she was able. No time to stay and talk now," and so good bye and away—a way from husband and wife and crowded pier; and on to the cool, breezy common—not alone though. The friend, with that unwelcome friendliness people sometimes show when least wanted, must needs leave "her dear Mrs. Travers" to see "her dear Mrs. Jerningham" home. Surely she was not well, she looked so pale! And so she knew Captain Travers! Was he not handsome? and so popular, too; such a fine, manly fellow. Did Miss Jerningham think his wife pretty? Not much in her! Those big blonde women seldom had. Oh, yes, nice hair, and fine blue eyes; but no style, and very likely to grow coarse and unwieldy. German-looking. Of course she was. A Dutch girl born and brought up in the Cape. No, not very well matched; but sailors were always so foolish. Will had fallen in love and married her nearly a year ago. He always was a pet with women, you know; but it was a foolish thing to do. They were terribly poor. Indeed he never had any money, as Miss Jerningham might remember.

Yes, Miss Jerningham did remember: and how much more! Oh, my God, how much more! She hardly had sense enough to be glad when her friend was gone at last, and she was safe in her own room; for everything seemed whirling around her. Will married!—married a year ago; and all her love, her passionate devotion, her fervent prayer, her whole heart's longing, had been so much incense wasted, so much patient, faithful worship lavished on another woman's husband! The duty, service of two long years had become a sin and a shame in one moment, and poor Mazie sank under the blow.

So much good had "living it down" done for her!

One more scene, and I have done. A very short scene this; and laid, not in gay, glittering Southsea, but in green uplands and sparkling waves, but back in busy, populous London, where we first met Mazie Jerningham.

The season was just beginning, the Academy open, the Park crowded, Kensington Gardens and the Botanical perfuming with shining white chestnut blossoms and "gardens of scented May" lilacs and laburnums blooming in the squares, German bands playing on the terraces, boats on the Serpentine, parties to Richmond, life and gaiety almost everywhere—almost, not quite. Just at the corner of Park Lane there is a quantity of straw thrown down in front of a house where the blinds are drawn, the knocker muffled; where friends drive up in their gay carriages to make whispered inquiries of the solemn looking footman at the door, and go away with faces the gravity on which lasts nearly three minutes after they are whirling along the Row; where the flowers in the balcony, once so carefully tended, are dry and dead now, and where a well-known physician is just emerging from the hall, saying, as he does so:

"Ah, odd fancy perhaps; but still humor it, Mrs. Jerningham. It can't do any harm now, you know, and it may cheer her at the end."

The end? Yes, it had come to that now. Only twelve months more, and Mazie Jerningham was passing away into the great outer, shadowy world "where the weary are at rest." She was lying in her little white bed now, repeating the line over and over to herself, as if it comforted her somehow. The window curtains were drawn, but through their lace folds the sun glimmered cheerfully, and a soft breeze stole in, bringing wafts of music and gay voices on its breath, revealing in a huge bowl of early roses which shed their perfume over the sick room, kissing the dying girl's forehead, and rumpiling with a slender touch the damp locks off her brow.

"Where the weary are at rest." Yes, Mazie was very near her rest now. She did not look very ill, though; white and thin indeed; but

the veil of soft, dark, wavy hair hid the sharpened outlines of her pure, pale face, and made her look more like her old childish self than the Mazie of later days. Her eyes, too, though sunken and shaded by dark hollows, looked larger and brighter than they had ever done, and the warm red shawl round her shoulders cast a sort of reflected glow on the small face, as she lay with clasped hands, resting (as she had begged) all alone.

A little while, perhaps three quarters of an hour, and there was a sound of footsteps on the stairs, a murmur of hushed voices in the passage; and Mazie started and raised her head. Then the door opened, and Mrs. Jerningham said gently:

"Captain Travers is here, Mazie. Shall he come in?"

She nodded her head, for her lips were very dry; but Mrs. Jerningham understood, and the next moment Will was standing by the bed. She was not pale now. A bright red had risen in either cheek, making her look girlishly lovely, while he, on the contrary, though handsome and stalwart as ever, looked worn and haggard; a little nervous and embarrassed, too, as men who face death fearlessly on sea and shore will when they come face to face with it in the quiet of a helpless woman's chamber. Mazie's quick eye saw the wan looks, perhaps the nervousness as well; for there was something wonderfully calming and gentle in her tone as she put her wasted little hand into his brown one, and said simply:

"How good it is of you to come to see me so quickly. I did so want to bid you good bye when I heard you were in town; but I hardly thought you would come so soon."

"So soon!" repeated Will, and he meant every word, poor fellow as he crushed the cold waxy fingers in his strong, warm clasp. "As if I would not have hurried here the moment I heard that—that—Oh! Mazie, don't call good-bye. You're not so very ill, are you."

The old impetuous manner made her smile, and sigh too; but she put her other hand over his as if to ward off a blow, and answered steadily:

"Oh yes, Will, it's all over with me; or I should not have you here. They never give indulgences like this to any but dying people."

"Don't talk like that, Mazie, for God's sake. You dying; and you look so bright! Oh! how—what is it?"

"What?" repeated Mazie more brightly still. "What is my ailment, do you mean? I don't know, it seems so many things, according to my numerous doctors; want of vital power, a neglected cold, nervous prostration—Oh, Will, what does it matter how the end comes so it does come?"

"Mazie, you speak as if you were glad."

"Because I am glad, so glad and thankful. I am not suffering now; and I have"—"You," her eyes said, but she stopped short with a faint blush. Then, as her eyes fell beneath his, she added, "Will, you look ill yourself; and I have never told you what I wanted you for; or asked after—your wife. You won't be vexed, Will, dear, but I heard you were not very well off, and I know how money anxieties worry one, so I sent to tell you that I have left all I have—it's very little, Will—to you; and—"

"Hush, Mazie! for heaven's sake, stop. Don't you know?"

"That I am in mourning. I lost my poor wife more than seven months ago. She died in her confinement; and though the child lives and my sisters take care of it very kindly, a motherless infant is more care than comfort to a man." He spoke very gravely but not mournfully. Perhaps the loss had not been so very bitter; or time had already done something toward healing it; but Mazie—she lay back on her pillows, with wide, blank eyes, and a face as white as death itself. Will's wife dead. The woman who came across her path, whose very existence had destroyed hers, passed away before her; and she did not know it. That was the strange part, that she should not have known. For two years she had loved him silently and faithfully, worshiped his memory and condemned her harshness, while all the time he was married to another woman, and she did not know it. Now that for twelve months the misery and shame of her folly, the fierce endeavor to crush out her love, and forget him and all belonging to him, had first ruined her health, and then taken her life, she learned that the cruel task had been utterly needless. The woman was dead, had passed away eight months ago, and she had not known it!

Oh! if in this world we could only know, only see, not "us through a glass darkly," but "face to face," how happy we might be! And yet, who can tell where real happiness is to be found on earth? "Le bonheur n'est su'un reve mais la douleur est su'elle," quoth Voltaire at eighty, and the dictum is as true as it is bitter.

"Don't mind me," Mazie said, in answer to Will's evident alarm. "It was only the shock I had never heard. I am very sorry—so sorry for you; but"—and there she broke out crying; and Will knelt down and tried to soothe and comfort her by every tender, caressing word, saying again and again:

"Mazie, don't cry. I oughtn't to have told and don't be sorry for me. Bertha was a good girl, but I should never have made her happy; or she me. I knew that even before I saw your sweet face, my darling, that day at Southsea, and felt what I had lost through my cursed folly."

"It was my fault. I sent you away," said Mazie softly. "Will, kiss me, I meant to do right; but I was too hard, I know that now."

"You were only just, darling; I never was worthy of you; and I oughtn't to have expected you to love me."

"But I did love you, Will," said the girl gently, "only I was too proud and hard to show it. I would not tell you now, but it can't hurt any at present."

"What, all the time? After I was gone? Did you love me then? Oh! Mazie, you didn't."

"Always and always. Will; and more than ever when you were gone away. Then and

now just the same."

Will's face had flushed deeply, and his lips were like a vise.

"You loved me," he said, hoarsely, "and I might have won you, if I had only waited and been true! Oh! my God, how I am punished!" and then his bowed head went down on the bed-clothes, and the very floor shook with the strong man's passionate sobbing. Poor Mazie! she was sinking fast, and her strength was nearly gone; but she managed to put her weak arms around him, and to stroke the bright chestnut head, as she murmured words of soothing and consolation—"It was all for the best, and they had so little time now."

"And all through me!" Will groaned; but the little fingers were pressed to his lips; and Mazie answered:

"No, Will, it was my fault at the beginning; and how could you know? Besides women are different to men; and there was no one like you, Will."

"There never could be any one like you," he answered passionately. "My darling, my darling, if you would but live a little longer! I would give my life to have you for but one year."

"And then leave me alone! Oh! Will, I am so tired of being alone. I would rather have it as it is, and you here, than anything else. Will, love, don't fret. See how bright it all is. I can hear the carriages in the Park—and that band playing 'M'ap'ari.' Do you remember the last night we heard that at the opera? You stole a flower from my hair, and I thought it was so improper of me to allow you, but I didn't know what dreadfully improper things I should do before the end."

"You do, anything improper, my innocent pet."

"Yes didn't I send for you to come and see me up here, and tell you to kiss me? and you did both. You have grown very good and obedient, Will darling."

"Mazie, don't let you break my heart."

"But I want to cheer you, Will. I can't be happy if I think you are sad. Love, it's only for a little while. I shall go and wait for you there, and see you coming up as I did on the pier at Southsea. You weren't changed a bit then, Will. I wonder will you be the same next time."

"God knows, Mazie. I wish I were dying now with you."

"Oh! no, Will, you are young and have lots of glory to win and work to do before you come. Besides I should know you however changed you were. But oh! darling, promise me you will come; for I don't think it's very wicked, I know, but I don't think I should even care about heaven if you were not there."

"Mazie, Mazie, how can I ever get to heaven?"

"Oh! love, if I try it will only be for you."

"Say the 'Our Father' with me now then," she said, coaxingly. "Say it for me, Will. I am so tired. I can't talk any more, even to God."

Her face had grown whiter than ever; or was a gray shadow creeping over it? Will folded her in his arms; and with his hands clasped together round her shoulders, and his eyes hidden on her breast, he went through the prayer they had both said from childhood apart; now for the first time together. Her lips followed him all the way; and when it was over she said softly, "thank you," then, after a little pause:

"It is so nice to have you, Will. I am very tired. I can't breath. Lift my head a little on your shoulder, and let me rest before mamma comes. I shall be better then." He raised her head obediently, pillowing it upon his strong arm. Her eyes were closing as if in sleep already; but first he bent his face down and asked:

"Kiss me first, Mazie—only once, darling.—You have never kissed me yet."

The girl's eyes opened; and she put up her lips, pale and pure as an infant's, to meet his tender, passionate kiss.

"God bless you, Will, love," she whispered very wearily. "Don't fret any more."

It must have been ten minutes later when the door opened softly to admit Mrs. Jerningham and the doctor. Captain Travers held up a warning finger.

"Hush!" he whispered gently. "You will wake her; and she is sleeping so peacefully."

Mrs. Jerningham stood still; but the doctor, an old, white-haired man, came forward, and looked narrowly at the white face lying so quietly on the sailor's rough coat. Then he stooped, touched the slender girlish wrist and parted lips; and, turning to Capt. Travers, said quietly:

"Lay her down. No one can disturb her now. It is all over."

All over! Even as their lips had parted in that last, lingering kiss, the spirit had slipped away; had gone, as it had lived, quietly and alone; with a last, thought, a last blessing for the man she had loved—away into the vague, misty future of the world to come.

"Children," said a country minister, addressing a Sunday School, "why are we like flowers? What do we have that flowers have?" And a small boy in the infant class, whose breath smelled of vermicutis, rose up and made reply, "Worms," and the minister crept under the pulpit chair to hide his emotion.

It is difficult to explain so no of the great problems of nature. It is estimated that it takes eighteen centuries to form a foot of coal but it is a well known fact that a ton left out on the sidewalk will usually shrink fifty per cent. or more in a single night.

A Nashville man answered a Chicago advertisement, "How to win at poker," and received for his two dollars the following: "Hold four aces or don't poke."

Some people are just like a buggy wheel—always tired.

Men who move in the right direction—Teamsters.

A beneficial strike—striking a job.